

BOING®! BOING®! ZINGA! ZINGA! TIC-TIC! BANG!

PROG 490
4 OCT 86

IN ORBIT
EVERY
MONDAY

61.80 Malaysia
70c Australia
77c New Zealand
(Inc G.S.T.)
88g Mercury
210g Venus
60g Mars
110g Saturn
3g Pluto
429g Neptune

26p
EARTH
MONEY

2000AD
FEATURING JUDGE DREDD

EXPLOSIVE
BUMPER
ISSUE!

**PIN
BOING®
REPLAY**



NERVE CENTRE

BORAG THUNGG, EARTHLETS.

Some of you will already have noticed that this week's episode of *Strontium Dog* – beginning on the page opposite – is the first in my scrotnig new series, written specifically as a sequel to the scrotnig old series which finished last prog. "Zarjaz snippet of information, O Mighty One," I hear you gasp, "but what about *Metalzoic*? This brill new thrill will soon be drawing to a close, and it's not going to be an easy act to follow!" I'm glad you gasped that, Terrans, because I've wanted us to talk for some time about your ghafflebette future. The problem, as ever, has been your circuitry – so feeble that just one over-enthusiastic blast of thrill-power could put you permanently out of action. With this in mind, I've decided not to reveal the line-up for my legendary *Prog 500*...at least, not yet. However, I am willing to spill the following beans: the place of *Metalzoic* in my cosmic comic will immediately be filled by *Slaine*. I hope that wasn't too painful, and that you'll be sure to get your grabbers on 2000 AD Prog 491, when I'll be announcing the return of *Ro...next prog!* SPLUNDIG VUR THRIGGI!

THARG

THARG
THE
BARD



Drawn by Earthlet D.G. Harper,
Swansea. £10 Winner.

SHEEP THRILLS

Borag Thungg, Tharg,

A fellow Squaxx dek Thargo buddy of mine has been posted (not literally) to the Falklands. There he spends much of his time, in freezing conditions, showing the sheep the arts of thrill-power. Back at home, I spend vast amounts of groats sending my copy of 2000 AD to him every week. For these services, is there any chance of a Krill Tro Thargo for us both?

From Earthlet Wilf, Trowbridge. Woolly Muffler Winner.

Giving it to you straight, Terran, not beating about the bush, and telling it to you like it is – none whatsoever, but feel free to share your prize with him.

VOTE HERE!

Each week Tharg displays your drawings and letters on his Nerve Centre. There are big cash prizes for every entry published, so write to him now! The address is: THARG'S NERVE CENTRE, COMMAND MODULE 2018, KING'S REACH TOWER, STAMFORD STREET, LONDON SE1 9LS.

List your three favourite stories
IN THIS PROG on the coupon and
enclose it with your entry.

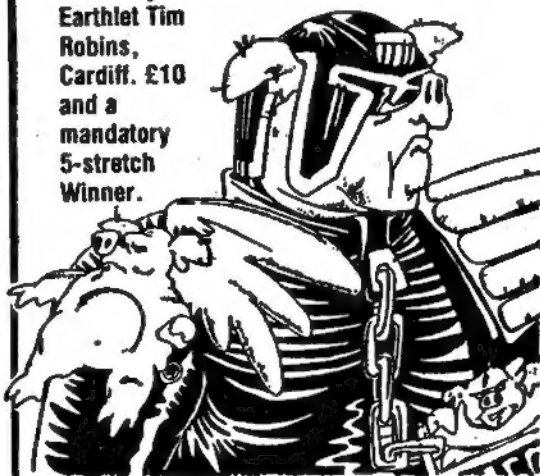
1.
2.
3.

I Dislike:

My Age Is: **490**

JUDGE PIGG

Drawn by
Earthlet Tim
Robins,
Cardiff. £10
and a
mandatory
5-stretch
Winner.



CHEAP DRILLS

Dear Tharg,

I would like to nominate my dentist – Mr Gillibrand of Monkmoor Road, Shrewsbury – for a Krill Tro Thargo. Not only does he keep several back progs in his waiting room, he's also got an original 2000 AD 1978 Annual! This kind of vintage thrill-power gives my circuits a great boost, and I find that regular visits to his surgery stop me from feeling depleted. From Earthlet Benjamin Mars, Telford. £5 Winner.

This tooth-mechanic of yours doesn't merit a KTT – if anything, he's overdue a Rigellan Hotshot. Yes, of course my comic kills all pain, and of course – at a laughably low 26p Earth Money – it's very economical...but there's no excuse for getting in there with the industrial pliers without using a proper anaesthetic. Tell him to change his groat-pinching ways, or I'll show him what a filling means where I come from!

FREE IN NEXT WEEK'S EAGLE — THE HALL'OWE'EN GAME POSTER!

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AN ISOLATED FARMSTEAD ON
THE GALACTIC RIM FRONTIER
WORLD MAYGER MINOR —



CAN'T MAKE
HIM OUT.
DOESN'T LOOK
LIKE A
GOOBER!



THAT'S FAR
ENOUGH,
MISTER.

WHO ARE
YOU? WHAT
D'YOU WANT
HERE?

NAME'S ALPHA,
MA'AM. LOST MY
SKIMMER OUT ON
THE WIDEBACK.
BEEN WALKIN'
THREE DAYS.

I'D APPRECIATE
SOME FOOD —
PLACE TO SLEEP
FOR THE NIGHT.
I CAN PAY.

Strontium DOG

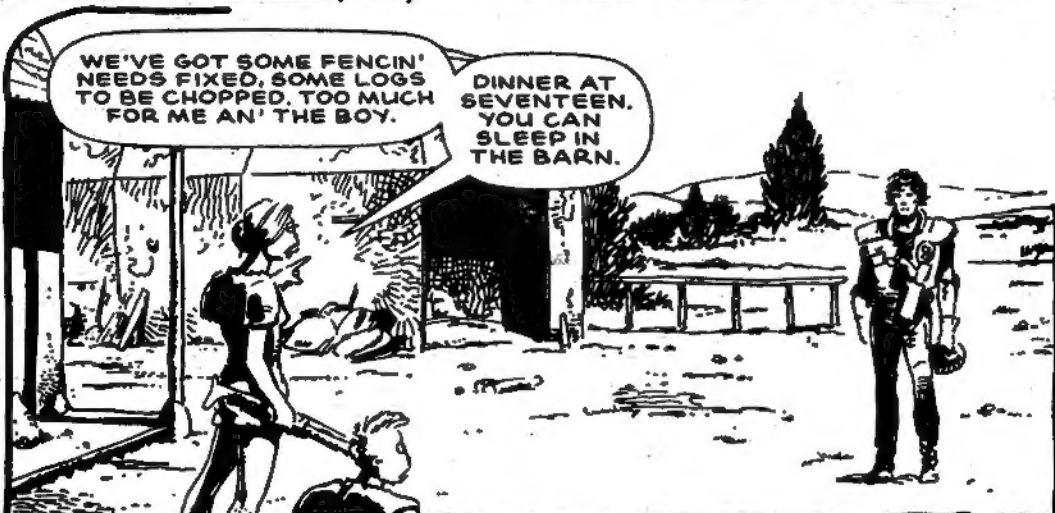
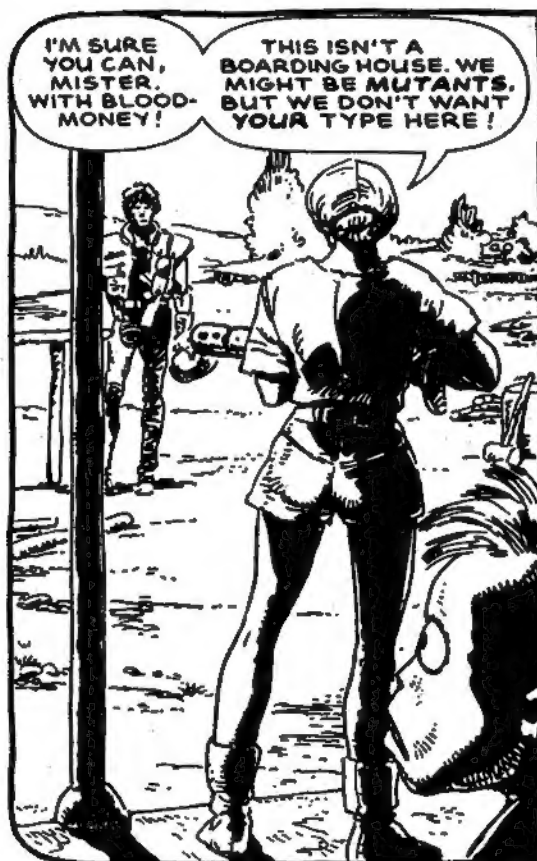
INCIDENT ON
MAYGER MINOR
Part One



2000AD
Credit Card

SCRIPT ROBOT
ALAN GRANT
ART ROBOT
CARLOS EZQUERRA
LETTERING ROBOT
KNO ROBSON

COMPU-73e













THE FALL

New Album

'DOMESDAY PAY-OFF'

Produced by John Leckie



NEXT WEEK IN **EAGLE** **FREE HALL'OWE'EN GAME POSTER**

**DARE YOU TAKE THE SCARE-A-
SECOND HORROR ROUTE FROM
CRYPT TO HALL'OWE'EN HOUSE?**

Then, in the next 4 issues of
EAGLE, more sections will be
given away **FREE** to create
extra chilling games!

October is the
month for
Hall'owe'en and
EAGLE is THE
comic to get!

Every Monday Price 26p

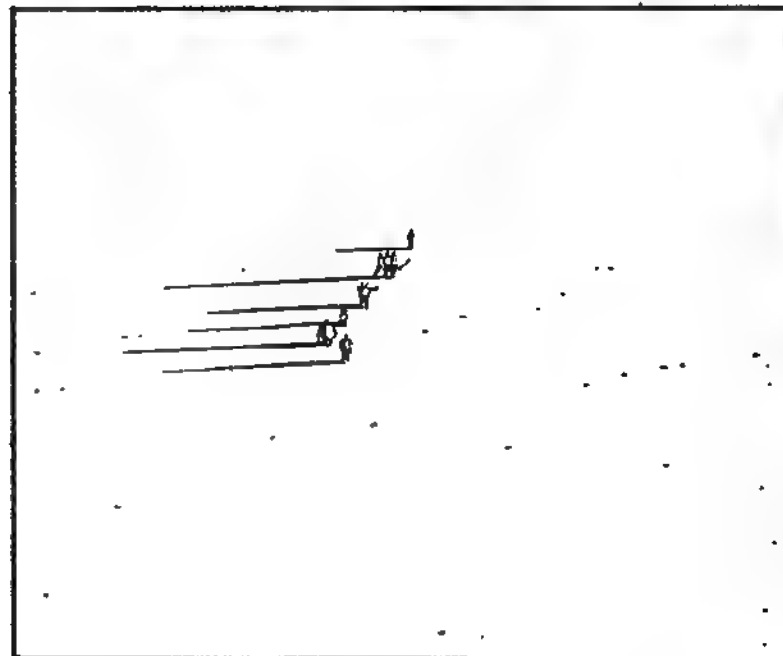
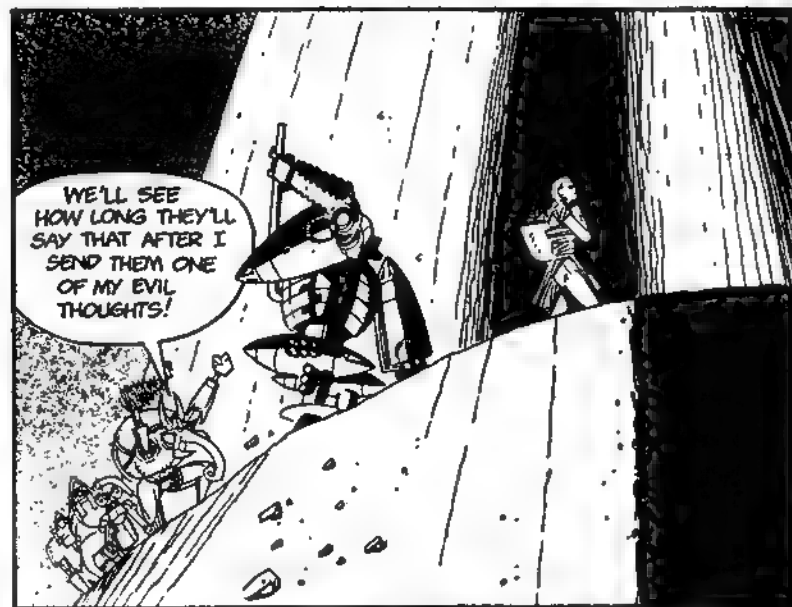
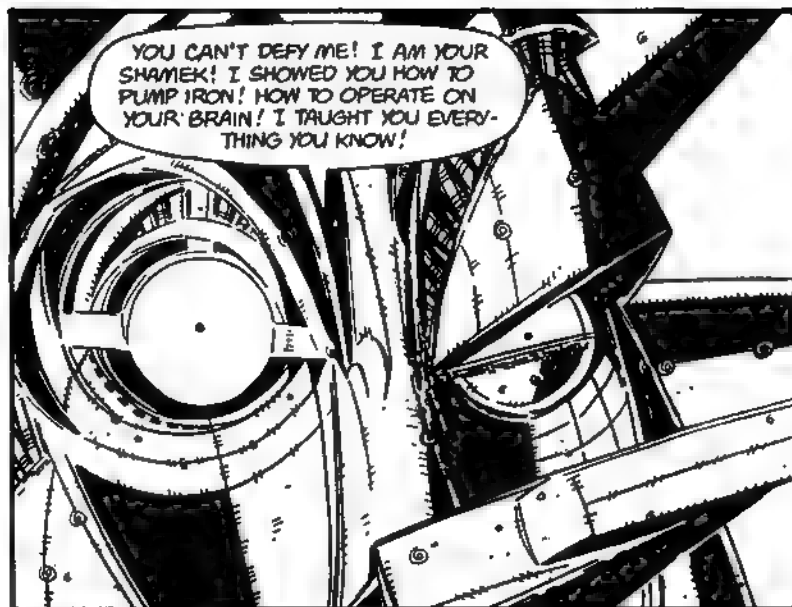


SCRIPT: PAT
MILLS
ART: KEVIN
O'NEILL
LTG: JOHN
COSTANZA

METALZONIC

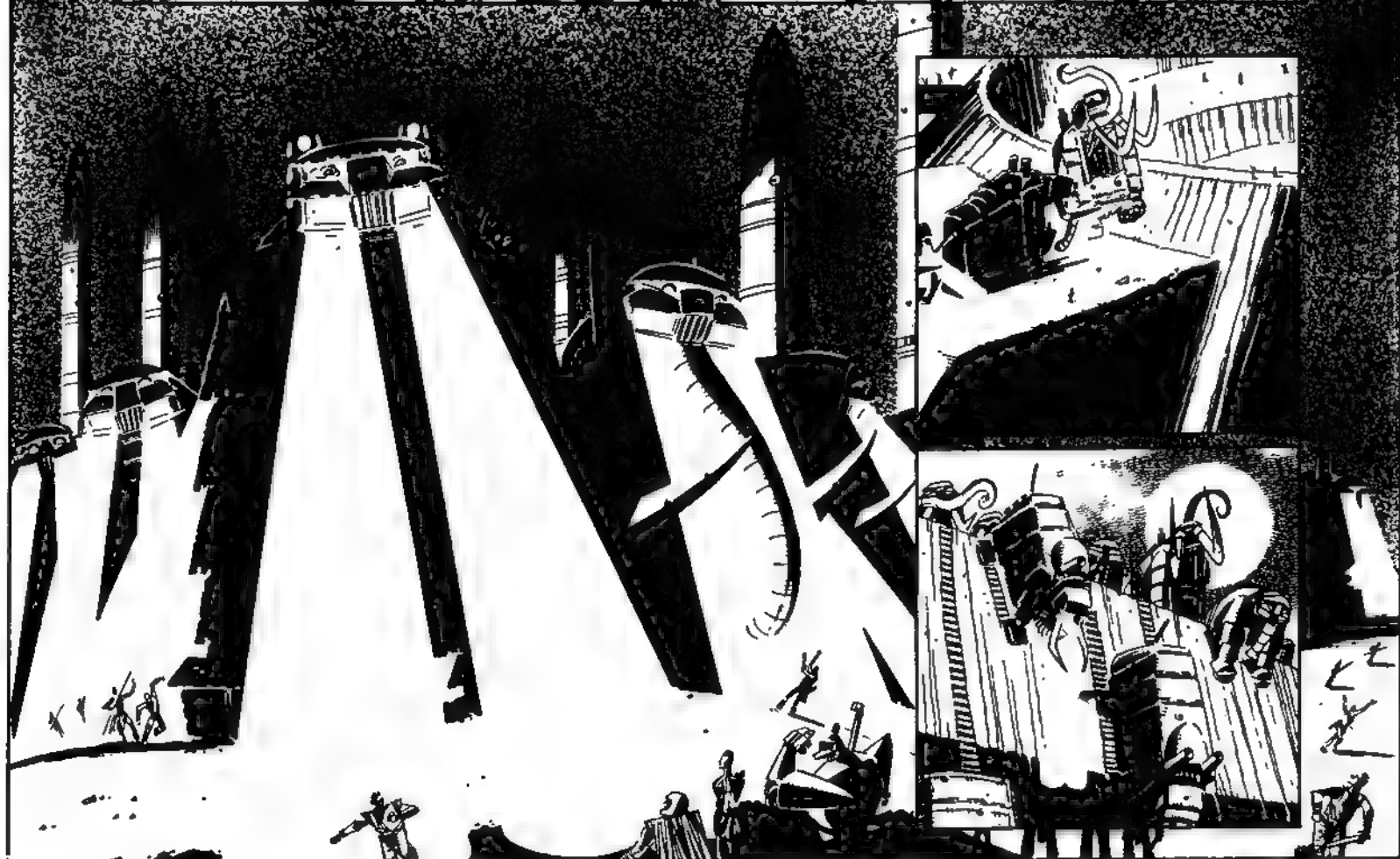
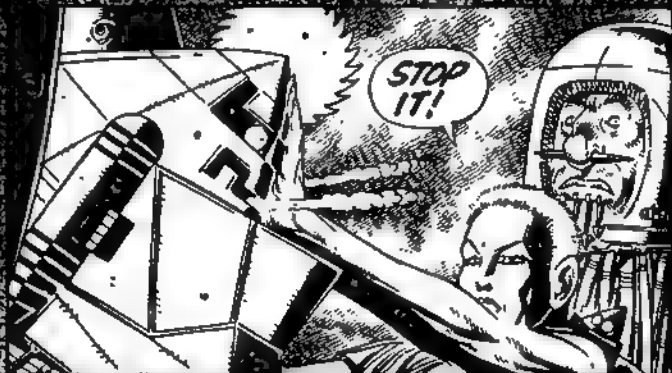


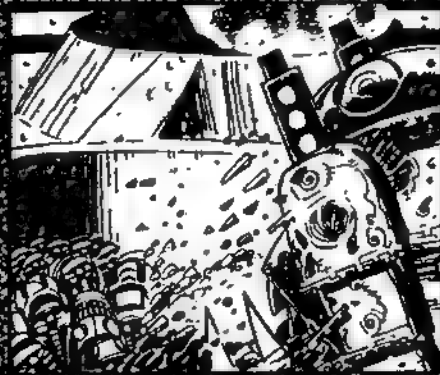
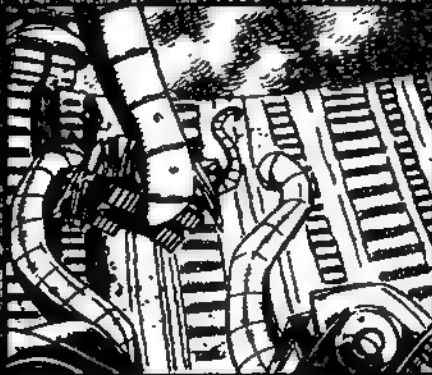
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WHAT'S HE DOING?

BURYING THEM ALIVE...



HE HASN'T BROUGHT HIS HERD HERE FOR MORE ORE... BUT TO DIE!

THIS IS THE WHEEL DEBEASTS' GRAVEYARD!

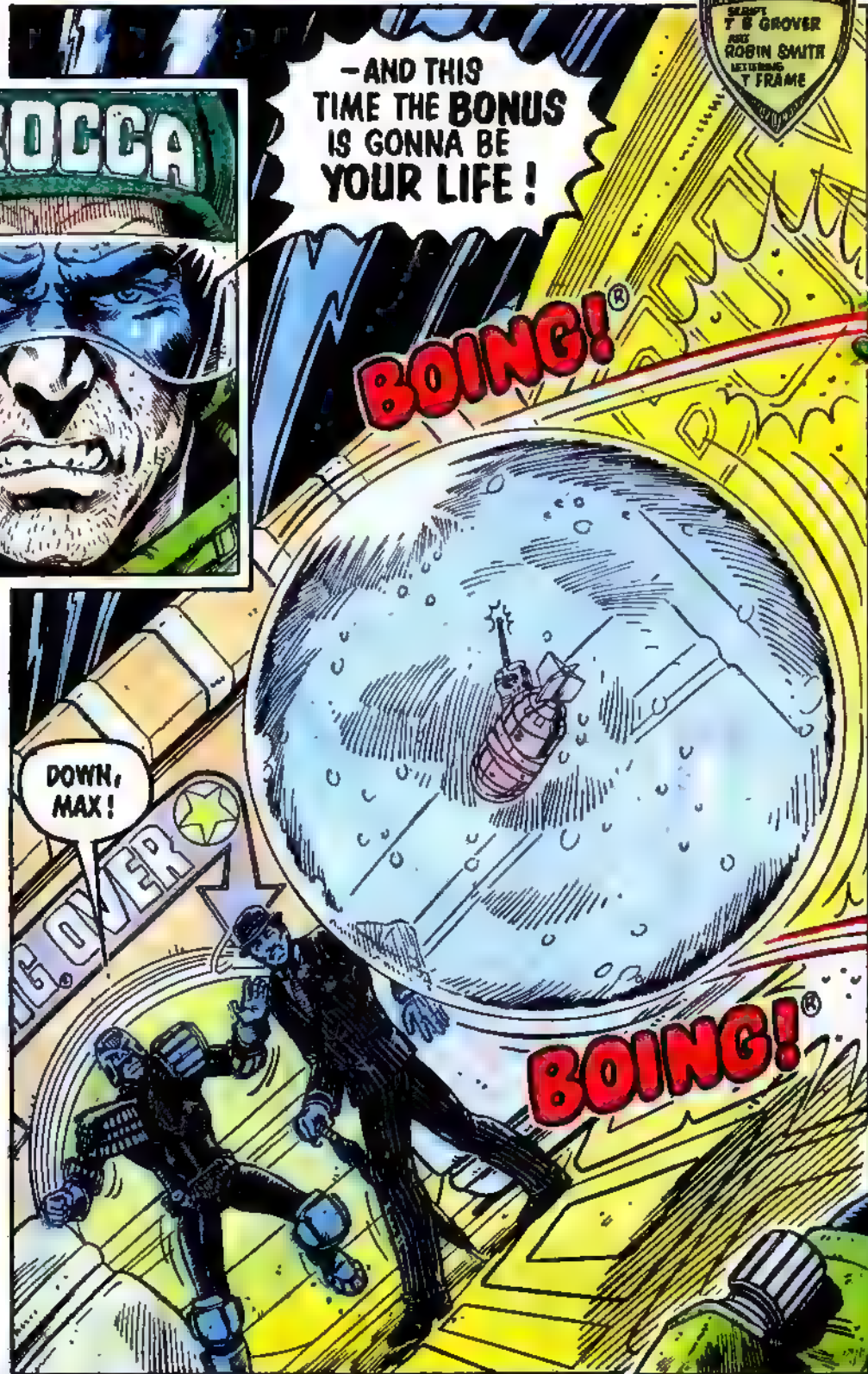
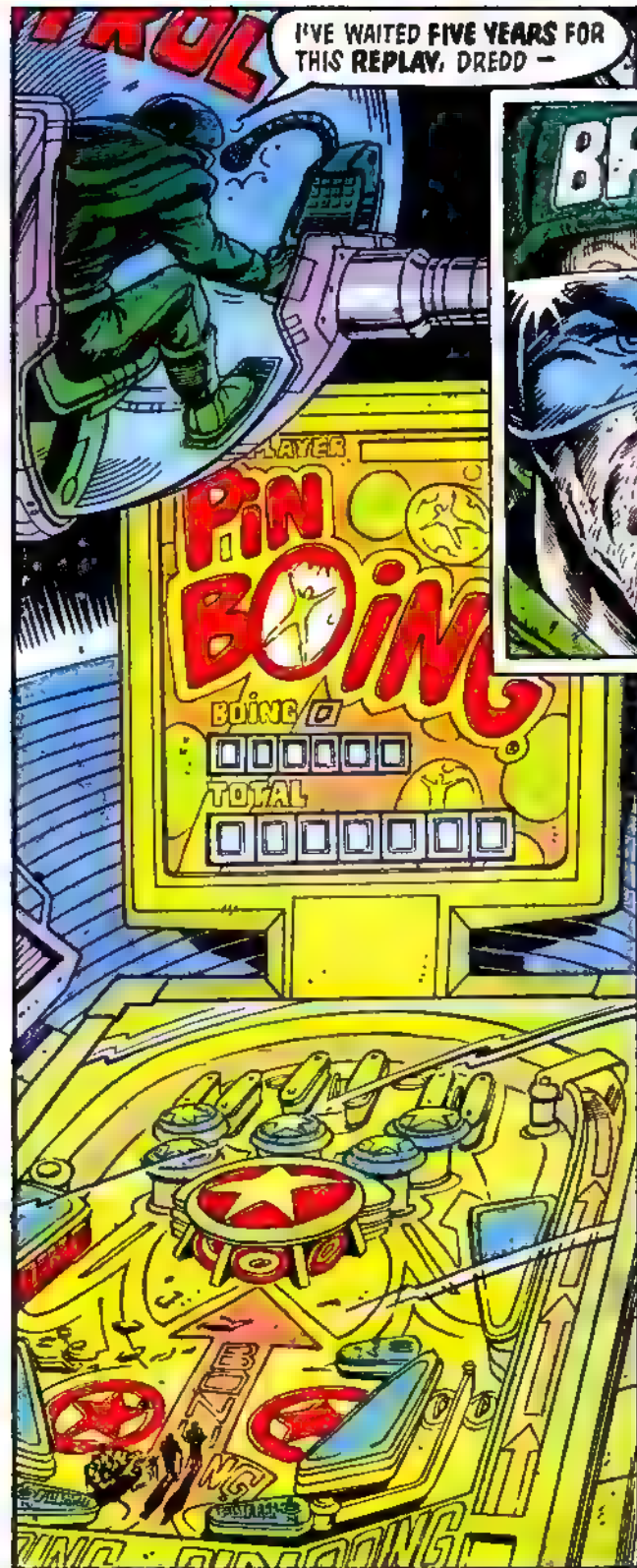


OF COURSE! HE INTENDS TO DESTROY THE ENTIRE HERD-- RATHER THAN HAND OVER CONTROL!

NOT IF WE KILL HIM FIRST!

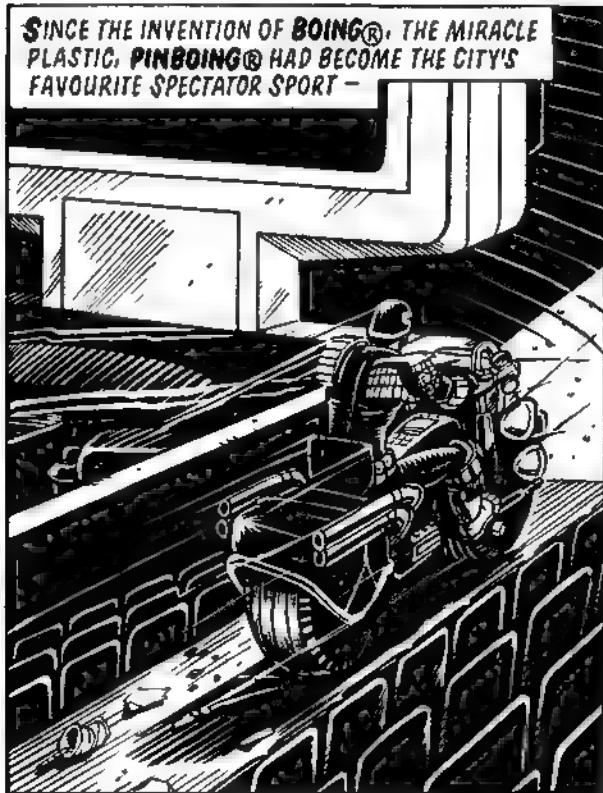
NEXT PAGE: EVOLUTION!

JUDGE DREDD IN PINBOING REPLAY





SINCE THE INVENTION OF **BOING®**, THE MIRACLE PLASTIC, **PINBOING®** HAD BECOME THE CITY'S FAVOURITE SPECTATOR SPORT -



THE ENTRY GULLEY, NOW DEAD AND LIFELESS. DURING A GAME HUMAN PINBALLS SHOOT UP HERE AT 300 KPH!

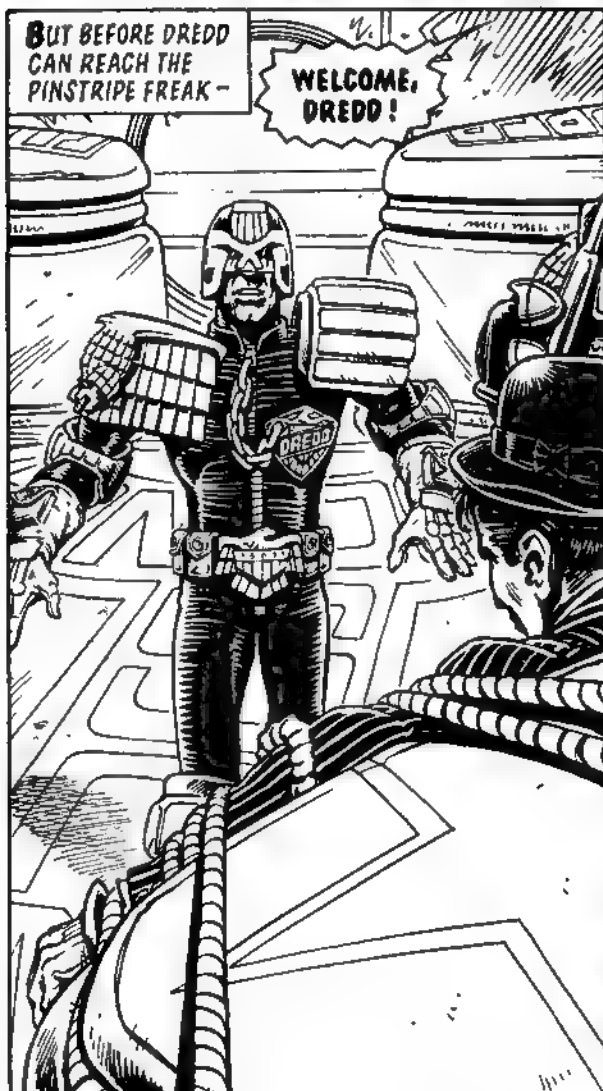


THERE!



BUT BEFORE DREDD CAN REACH THE PINSTRIPE FREAK -

WELCOME, DREDD!



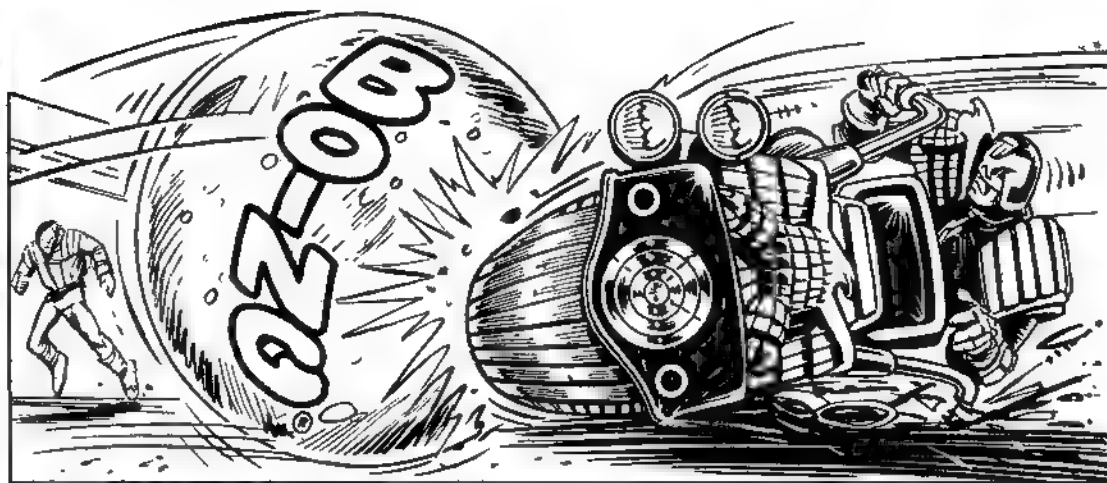
FIRE ONE, POOCHY!

SPROINGG!









ACE TRUCKING CO. The Garpetbaggers

SCENE 15: CAMPED OUT IN THE MOVIEOLA DESERT, FEEK THE FREEK HAS CONCOCTED A FOUL POTION TO RID OUR HEROES OF THE PESTILENTIAL EVIL GUTS.





THUS OUR INTREPID TRIO SET OUT
INTO THE MOVIEOLAN NIGHT—

BLISTER ME SISTER!
THE MAP— IT'S A-GONE
AGAIN! I BEEN
BARRPED GOOD
AND PROPER!

I SHOULD
HAVE EXPECTED
MUTINY FROM
A SCURVY PAIR
O' RUFFIANS
LIKE THE
GARPS!

GOT TO
ADMIT,
THOUGH—
I ADMIRE
'EM FOR
IT!

BUT IT
DOESN'T MAKE
ME HATE 'EM
ANY THE
LESS!

AND SOME
HOURS LATER—

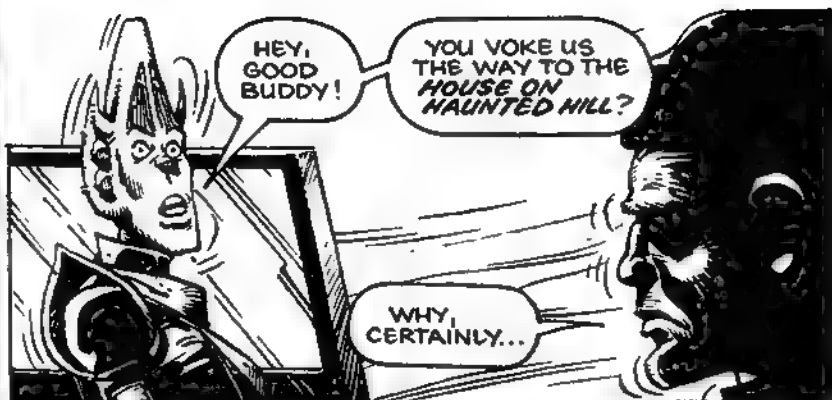
OH... ME
GUTS!
OH... ME
HEAD!

DON'T
THINK
YE'VE
GOT AWAY
FROM ME,
GARPS!

OLD EVIL
GUTS AIN'T
FINISHED
WITH YE YET—
NOT BY A
LONG CHALK,
AN' THEN
SOME!

MEANWHILE —

"THAR SHE
BLOWS", AS
OLD EVIL
WOULD
VOKE IT!





THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS

A CHANGE
OF
SCENERY...

LADIES,
GENTLEMEN
AND DULUX
DOGS...

ALLOW US
TO INTRODUCE
OURSELVES.

MY NAME
IS HARRY
FOUNDATION.

AND
I'M JERRY
BASALT.

WE REPRESENT
INCIDENCE
INCORPORATED,
A DIVISION OF
VOID INDIGA (TM)
LTD.

MR. BASALT
AND I ARE
SCENE-
SHIFTERS.

AND
WE'RE HERE
TO EXTEND
OUR SERVICES
OVER A SHORT-
TERM PERIOD
TO SAVE YOUR
PLANET FROM
TOTAL
ANNIHILATION.

2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
JOHN SMITH
ART ROBOT
NIM WILLIAMS
LETTERING ROBOT
STEVE POTTER
COMPU-73

"THIS IS KANURAK, THE MAIN CITY ON THE EARTH COLONYWORLD DOKOSS, IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE HIGH SKEELE MASSACRE IN EARLY '57. THAT'S 2157... YOU WON'T HAVE HEARD ABOUT IT YET.

"AS YOU CAN SEE, THINGS WERE QUITE A MESS.

"THIS IS KANURAK AFTER
WE'D BEEN CALLED IN.

"LICENSED TO MANIPULATE REALITY COEFFICIENTS—
AND CONSEQUENTLY THE CAUSAL FLOW OF EVENTS—
WE SIMPLY ERASED THE ALTERNATIVE FUTURE IN
WHICH THE DISASTER OCCURRED.

"EFFECTIVELY, IT
NEVER HAPPENED."

"OF COURSE, THE PROBLEM YOUR PLANET NOW
FACES IS A LITTLE MORE IMMEDIATE."

"AN ATTACK BY A GEDAL'IOCH
TSUNAMI-FLEET. THEY SHOULD
ARRIVE AT ROUGHLY 3:27
TOMORROW AFTERNOON."

THE PREDESTINED
OUTCOME IS TOO TERRIBLE
TO CONTEMPLATE. THE
GEDAL'IOCHIANS ARE ECLIPSED
IN SAVAGERY ONLY BY
THE BANDARUUTHA.

HOWEVER,
WE ARE PREPARED
TO DESPATCH THE
AGGRESSORS IN
EXCHANGE FOR, SAY
...THE PACIFIC
OCEAN.

AND
A CRATE OF
BREADSTICKS.

WE CAN BE
CONTACTED ON
ANY FREQUENCY
ABOVE
9000 KHz.

THANK YOU
FOR ALLOWING US TO
TAKE UP SO MUCH OF
YOUR TIME.

RELATIVELY
SPEAKING.

AND IN EVERY TOWN, IN EVERY
COUNTRY, IN A HUNDRED LANGUAGES,
THE MESSAGE IS HEARD.

AND FOR A
LITTLE WHILE,
THE WORLD
HOLDS ITS BREATH.

MR.
PRESIDENT?

MR. PRESIDENT,
IF YOU'RE READY,
THE PENTAGON
HAS MADE ITS
DECISION.

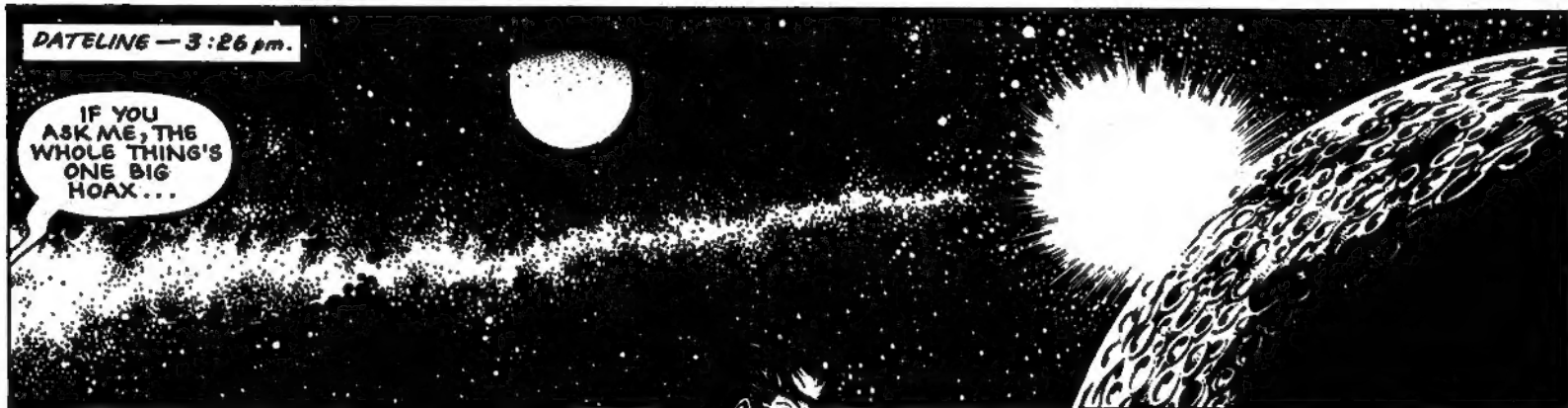
IS THAT YOU,
CALLAGHAN?

NO, IT'S
WEINBERG, SIR.

WEINBERG.
OH YES.

WELL,
GO AHEAD,
WEINBERG...

MAKE
MY
DAY.



THEY CAME, AND NOTHING ANYONE
DID COULD STOP THEM.

CITIES FELL UNDER THE AWESOME
PRESSURE OF THE IONDRIVERS.
THE FEW SURVIVORS FLED TO THE
COUNTRYSIDE WHERE THE
MEKLINES WAITED, VICIOUS AND
UNQUENCHABLE.



REALITY SHATTERED BENEATH THEIR
ONSLAUGHT, AND THE WORLD WAS
BROUGHT CRASHING TO ITS KNEES.



YOU CAN'T INTIMIDATE ME,
PUNK. YOU CAN'T MAKE ME DO
ANYTHING I DON'T WANT TO.

I'M AN
AMERICAN,
DAMMIT!

I AM
AN AMERICAN,
AREN'T I,
CALLAGHAN?



CALLING INCIDENT
INCORPORATED! PLEASE!
IF YOU'RE STILL THERE, IF
YOU'RE LISTENING, YOU'VE
GOT TO HELP US. WE'LL GIVE
YOU ANYTHING, ANYTHING
AT ALL, JUST...

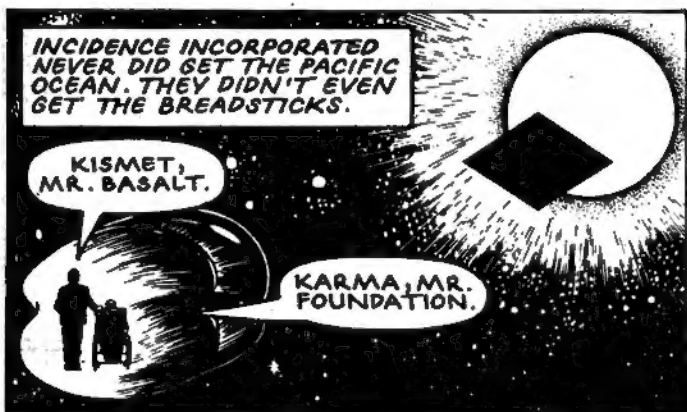
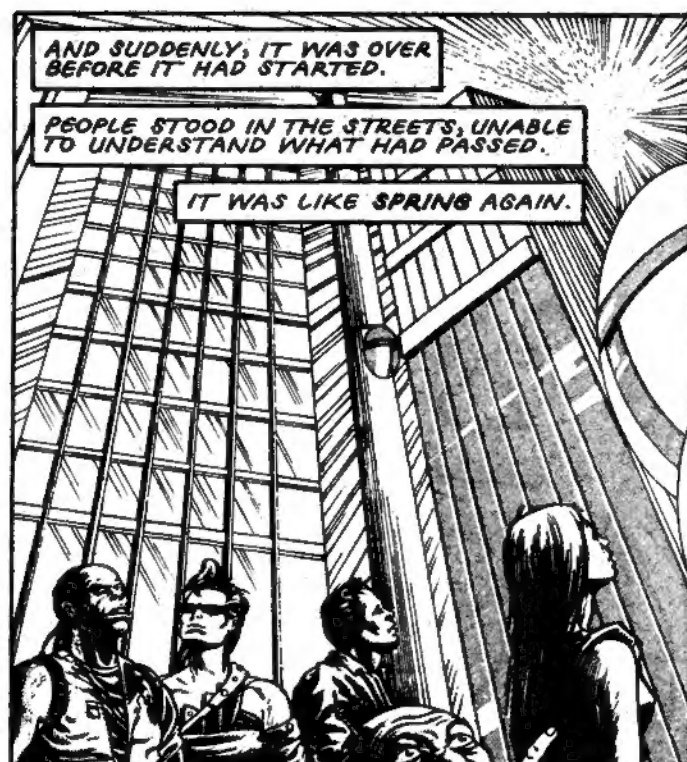
JUST
HELP
US.

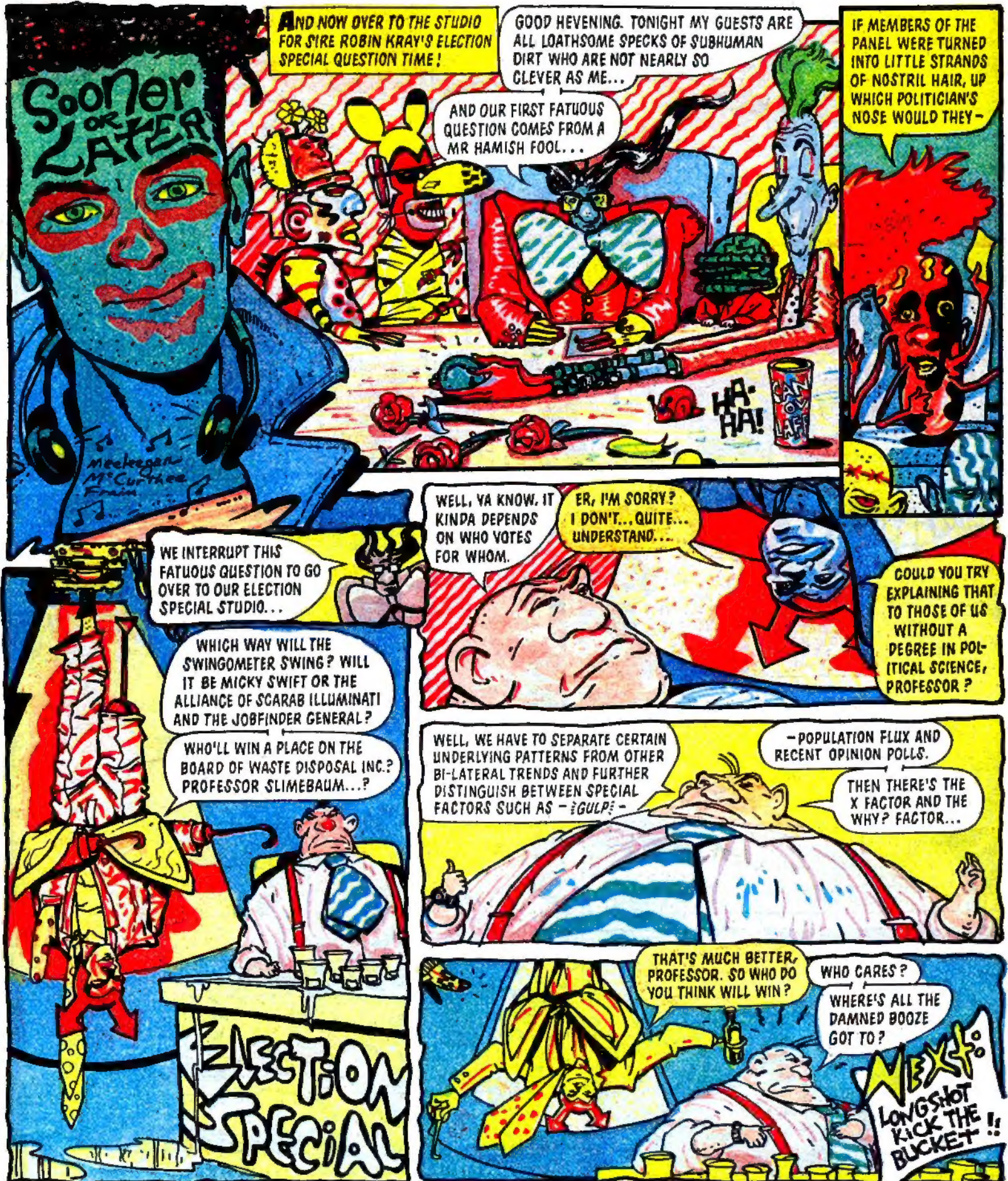


UNGH...

M-MELTING!







AND NOW OVER TO THE STUDIO FOR SIRE ROBIN KRAY'S ELECTION SPECIAL QUESTION TIME!

GOOD HEVENING. TONIGHT MY GUESTS ARE ALL LOATHSOME SPECKS OF SUBHUMAN DIRT WHO ARE NOT NEARLY SO CLEVER AS ME...

AND OUR FIRST FATUOUS QUESTION COMES FROM A MR HAMISH FOOL...

IF MEMBERS OF THE PANEL WERE TURNED INTO LITTLE STRANDS OF NOSTRIL HAIR, UP WHICH POLITICIAN'S NOSE WOULD THEY -

HA HA!

WE INTERRUPT THIS FATUOUS QUESTION TO GO OVER TO OUR ELECTION SPECIAL STUDIO...

WHICH WAY WILL THE SWINGOMETER SWING? WILL IT BE MICKY SWIFT OR THE ALLIANCE OF SCARAB ILLUMINATI AND THE JOBFINDER GENERAL?

WHO'LL WIN A PLACE ON THE BOARD OF WASTE DISPOSAL INC.? PROFESSOR SLIMEBAUM...?

WELL, YA KNOW, IT KINDA DEPENDS ON WHO VOTES FOR WHOM.

ER, I'M SORRY? I DON'T... QUITE... UNDERSTAND...

COULD YOU TRY EXPLAINING THAT TO THOSE OF US WITHOUT A DEGREE IN POLITICAL SCIENCE, PROFESSOR?

WELL, WE HAVE TO SEPARATE CERTAIN UNDERLYING PATTERNS FROM OTHER BI-LATERAL TRENDS AND FURTHER DISTINGUISH BETWEEN SPECIAL FACTORS SUCH AS - GULP! -

- POPULATION FLUX AND RECENT OPINION POLLS.

THEN THERE'S THE X FACTOR AND THE WHY? FACTOR...

THAT'S MUCH BETTER, PROFESSOR. SO WHO DO YOU THINK WILL WIN?

WHO CARES? WHERE'S ALL THE DAMNED BOOZE GOT TO?

NEXT! LONGSHOT KICK THE BUCKET!!